

What We Forget

What is the most haunting color
in your life? Is it the blue of
Christmas lights, your parents
placing you by the tree on your first
blanket and you gazing up at the blue
light until it became the universe? Or
the blue of a landing field's lights at night
as you, no longer crying, set down with your
father after your mother's long funeral in a city
where the sky was not blue. Or the eyes of
the first girl you ever loved, and her sweater
and even the perfume she wore, which
smelled blue to you. And the blue that you became
when things did not work out. This is how we explain
such things when it just isn't true. It is the blue of a
small, hot star not long after the birth of the universe,
which you remember, though you say you don't,
and how you stared for an eon at the heart of creation,
looking for the tiny blue ones, your favorites.
The blue of the very first supernova, and the next,
filling you, as you watched, with a love of all things.
And the blue of the metal that wasn't metal,
of the starship that brought you, little and staring,
to this world, to be born again and to try
to pass as human, as so many of us do.

—Bruce McAllister

